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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1868.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SEPTEMBER.—EXCURSION MONTH.—For particulars of Terms for Firms, Schools, and other Large Parties, apply to the Secretary, Crystal Palace.
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GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL,
SEPTEMBER 8TH, 9TH, 10TH, AND 11TH, 1868.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS—Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mdlle. Sandrina, Mdlle. Drasill, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Santley.

MORNING PERFORMANCES IN THE CATHEDRAL.

TUESDAY, at 1.10, "CREATION" (First Part); 111TH PSALM, "Confitebor tibi" (S. Wesley); 42ND PSALM, "As the hart pants" (Mendelssohn); BEETHOVEN'S SERVICE IN C.

WEDNESDAY, at 11.30, the Sacred Oratorio, "ELIJAH."

THURSDAY, at 11.30, the "HYMN OF PRAISE" (Mendelssohn); Selections from the Works of Spohr; "SAMSON" (Handel); and Herr SCHACHTNER'S "ISRAEL'S RETURN FROM BABYLON."

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REMOVAL.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN begs to announce her REMOVAL from Monmouth Road to 44, BURLINGTON ROAD, ST. STEPHEN'S SQUARE, BAYSWATER.

REMOVAL.

MADAME FLORENCE LANCIA begs to announce that she has REMOVED to No. 67, PORTSDOWN GARDENS, MAIDA HILL, W.

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MISS BESSIE EMMETT (Soprano). All communications respecting engagements with his Pupil, Miss BESSIE EMMETT, to be addressed to Mr. J. TENIELLI CALKIN, 12, Oakley Square, N.W.

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MEMOIR OF THE LATE CHARLES KEAN.

(Concluded from page 598.)

In August, 1850, Mr. Kean in partnership with Mr. Keeley, entered on a lease for two years of the Princess's Theatre. The first season commenced on the 28th September, 1850, and an uninterrupted campaign of thirteen months terminated on the 17th of October 1851, with the opening play of *Twelfth Night*. The partnership then ended.

The nine following years during which the Keans held managerial sway at the Princess's deserves notice, not only as being the most important era in the professional careers of both artists, but as marking a most memorable epoch in the history of the British stage. Kean never lost sight of the didactic purpose of the drama, which he regarded as an educational and not simply an emotional institution. He considered the people seated in a theatre not only as auditors, but also as spectators, and saw no reason why they should not be educated through the eye as well as the ear. The principles of management which he laid down for his guidance were founded upon the conviction he had invariably entertained, that, in illustrating the best works of our greatest dramatists, historical accuracy might be so blended with pictorial effect that instruction and amusement might go hand in hand. It is not a little surprising that a theory so sound and rational should have evoked such opposition as it elicited in certain quarters. If, neglecting histrionic portraiture, the Keans had sought to degrade the stage into a place of gorgeous and unmeaning spectacle, the case would have been different. Then, indeed, there would have been some ground for the indignant outcry about "upholstery" and "flaunting exhibitions of gaud, tinsel, and red cloth." But there was no shadow of pretence for any such complaint. The pains which both artists bestowed upon the elaboration of their dramatic portraits—the finish of detail, and the absolute truth of local as well as general colour which they sought to impart to them, proved that they regarded the truthful expression of passion and the lifelike impersonation of human character as the primary objects of all dramatic representation. Good acting was with them the first consideration, but, that being gained, they wisely concluded that the surroundings of a play should be as correct as the acting. Shakspeare himself declares "that the purpose of playing" is "to give the very age and body of the time its form and pressure." Cicero insists that the stage should be not only the "imatatio vitæ," but the "*speculum consuetudinis*." Assuming these theories to be true, it surely can be no offence against the dignity of the drama, but, on the contrary, a faithful observance of its true purpose, that the scenery, decorations, costumes, architecture, and all the pictorial accessories of a play should be accurately interpretative of the text. Kean put the question fairly as forcibly in the farewell speech delivered at the close of his managerial career:—

"I remember that when I produced the *Winter's Tale* as a Greek play—that is, with Greek dresses, Greek costumes, and Greek architecture—an objection was raised by some that, although the scene was situated at Syracuse, then a Greek colony, whose king consults the celebrated oracle of Delphi, yet the play was said to be essentially English, and ought to be so presented, because illusions in various parts bore reference to this country and to the period when the author wrote. You would, perhaps, ladies and gentlemen, have been somewhat astonished and perplexed to have seen the chest containing the answer of the Greek oracle to the Greek King—supposed to have been delivered above 2,000 years ago—borne upon the stage by the beef-eaters of Queen Elizabeth. You would perhaps have been equally surprised to have witnessed at this theatre Leontes, as a Greek King, in the last act, attired as Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, and yet such an incongruity was accepted within the last twenty years."

In every drama produced at the Princess's during the Kean régime the scenery, the banners, the armorial bearings, heraldic blazonry, groupings, weapons of war, costumes, architecture, furniture, and all the minor details were given with such critical accuracy that, apart from its histrionic interest, the play might be regarded as a perfect archaeological picture of men and manners as they existed in the age when the characters were presumed to have flourished, and in the place where the incidents were supposed to have occurred. Thus the drama was made to serve an historical as well as psychological purpose, and the audience, while they watched the development of character and the curious complications of dramatic adventure, were instructed in the habits, manners, and general mode of life prevalent, whether among foreigners or their own forefathers, in remote ages. It is satisfactory to record that, despite the opposition of cavillers, this system of theatre representation gave complete satisfaction to the public. *King John*, the first of the great Shaksperian revivals, was the most striking picture of feudal royalty and baronial pomp ever exhibited upon the London stage. It attracted multitudes of visitors, and, after a run of 60 nights, was succeeded by *Macbeth*, presented in such a guise as to furnish a perfect representation of life and character in the Scottish Highlands during the eleventh century. This play was performed

with great applause for 88 nights. Next came Lord Byron's tragedy of *Sardanapalus*, produced with a splendour eclipsing even Mr. Macready's sumptuous version of the same piece. In the illustration of this romantic drama Kean availed himself with such effect of the then recent discoveries by Mr. Layard, that Nineveh as it was in the days of the voluptuous Assyrian would seem to have been disinterred from the grave of bygone ages and called into new existence for the amazement of the 19th century. Mr. Douglas Jerrold, speaking of Kean's skill and enterprise as shown in the revival of this play (it was before their unhappy quarrel), observed—

"That one performance gave us a better insight into the manners and habits of the Assyrians than a whole life-time has enabled us to acquire of the French. It was a grand lesson of animated geography, and the more curious as being the animated geography of a nation that is dead. Mr. Charles Kean has been the noble teacher on this occasion, and he cannot be praised too highly for the generous spirit in which he has carried out and illustrated his pleasant teaching. He has done his work like a magician."

Then followed in the order of enumeration, *Richard III.* (19 nights), *Louis XI.* (76), *Henry VIII.* (150), *The Winter's Tale* (102), *Pizarro* (68), *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (162), *Richard II.* (111), *The Tempest* (87), *King Lear* (32), and *The Merchant of Venice* (92). The last and most magnificent of all the revivals was *Henry V.*, which was received with great enthusiasm and ran through the whole season. These superb plays drew great houses, but no receipts at so small a theatre could compensate the manager, who expended upon their production the almost incredible sum of £400,000.

Though the plays we have mentioned were the most important of those represented at the Princess's under the Kean régime, many others were produced in a style that proved highly attractive. Such for example, were *Much Ado About Nothing*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Trial of Love*, *Anne Blake*, *The Rivals*, *Faust* and *Marguerite*, *The Jealous Wife*, *The Gamester*, *The Corsican Brothers*, and others too numerous to particularize.

The career of the Keans at the Princess's, while it proved their admirable skill in management, also afforded abundant opportunity for the display of their great powers in acting. The brilliancy and versatility of their talents were attested by their successes in a range of characters as varied and arduous as has ever been attempted by the great masters of histrionic art. Charles Kean's Hamlet retained to the last its pre-eminent popularity; and his *Louis XI.* was universally regarded as a masterpiece.

At the close of their managerial career, on Monday, 29th August, 1859, *Henry VIII.* was performed in the presence of a brilliant and enthusiastic audience, Charles Kean playing Wolsey, and Mrs. Kean Queen Katherine. In the course of the address, which he delivered in front of the curtain at the termination of the play, Kean passed in rapid review all the most important events of his management, defending with great spirit the course he had taken in the Shaksperian revivals. To the partner of his toils and triumphs he alluded thus:—

"Mind and body require rest after such active exercise for nine years, during the best period of my life, and it could not be a matter of surprise if I sunk under a continuance of the combined duties of actor and manager of a theatre where everything has grown into gigantic proportions; indeed, I should long since have succumbed had I not been sustained and seconded by the indomitable energy and the devoted affection of my wife."

Their retirement from the scene of their many triumphs was attended by an interesting event. A number of noblemen and gentlemen, educated at Eton, nearly all of them contemporary with Kean, formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of inviting their old school-fellow to a public dinner. The banquet, at which the Duke of Newcastle presided, and at which Mr. Gladstone (then Chancellor of the Exchequer) was also present, was attended by no fewer than 550 guests, and passed off with great *éclat*. A testimonial, projected on this occasion, was presented sometime afterwards in the same hall. It was presented to Mr. Kean by Mr. Gladstone in the names of the subscribers, and consisted of a service of plate, valued at 2,000 guineas.

Released from the cares of management, Mr. and Mrs. Kean left London in the autumn of 1859 to fulfil a long round of provincial engagements. After an absence of 13 months they returned to the metropolis in January, 1861, and shortly afterwards appeared at Drury Lane. Their engagement was so successful that it was renewed in the spring of the following year, when they performed in some of their most celebrated characters. Their last appearance upon the boards of the national theatre was on the 22nd March, 1862, when they played Don Felix and Violante in the comedy of *The Wonder*, for the benefit of Mr. E. T. Smith. In July, 1863, they left the shores of England for Australia, where they were welcomed with great cordiality. They performed 77 nights at Melbourne, playing there for the last time on the 30th April, 1864. The performances consisted of the tragedy of *Richard II.*, and for the after-piece the comedy of *The Jealous Wife*. In the course of the evening Mr. Kean bade farewell to his friends in a

speech which, read by the light of subsequent events, sounds sad and ominous:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—Painful as it is at all times to bid farewell to friends, how much more painful must it be to Mrs. Kean and myself on the present occasion, when, in all human probability, we shall never again visit this portion of the globe. In a few days we shall leave the shores of Victoria, never to return; but we shall have the satisfaction of carrying away with us not only the more substantial proofs of your favour, but also the grateful remembrance of the kindness and hospitality we have received during our sojourn amongst you. In years to come, when far away, should our lives be spared, my wife and I will find true enjoyment in the contemplation of the wonders which we have witnessed in this new world, and shall anxiously watch the progress and increasing prosperity of this extraordinary country, wherein we have seen so much to instruct, surprise, and interest us. We shall recall to mind with peculiar gratification the fact of having given utterance to the language of Shakspeare 16,000 miles from home in a populous city, built upon a spot, which 30 years ago was a lonely wilderness. Ladies and gentlemen, I may say, in the words of our great national poet—

"Whether we shall meet again, I know not,
Therefore, our everlasting farewell take."

After visiting California, the United States, Canada, and many remote places, Mr. and Mrs. Kean came back to London in May, 1866, and performed at the Princess's Theatre, then, as now, under the management of Mr. Vining.

Charles Kean's last appearance upon any stage was on the evening of the 28th May, 1867, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, in his celebrated character of Louis XI. The following day he was seized with a lingering illness, which unhappily terminated in his death.

To professional eminence Charles Kean added private worth, which alone can entitle a man to love and respect. In him a wife has lost a devoted husband; an only daughter a fond father. How good a son he was the story of his life proclaims; how loyal and steadfast he was in friendship, they who knew him best will most willingly declare. He has passed to his rest. "*Sit illi terra levis!*"

The body of Mr. Kean was taken from his residence in Queensborough Terrace, Bayswater, to the principal terminus of the South-Western Railway, in order to be conveyed to Hampshire. In the first mourning coach were Mrs. Charles Kean and daughter, Miss Chapman (niece), and Mr. Platt. The Rev. Mr. Gatty, Sir William Fergusson, Mr. Fergusson, Mr. Young, Captain Barrow, Dr. Joy, and Mr. Everett, occupied two other coaches. The mournful procession was followed by several private carriages. The hearse was taken by the special train which conveyed the mourners and friends to Horndean, a station about five miles north of Havant. There a procession was formed to the place of burial, the church-yard of Catherington (a secluded hamlet near Keydell, in Hampshire). The coffin was covered with black cloth, and ornamented with black mountings. A brass plate on the lid bore the following inscription:—"Charles John Kean, Esq. Born 18th January, 1811. Died 22nd January, 1868." The small church was nearly filled by some friends who came from London, but principally by the neighbouring villagers. Amidst the tears of his sorrowing family and faithful friends the body of the eminent tragedian was deposited in the vault which is the last resting-place of his mother.

ÆSTHETIC WOMAN.

Bold as the assumption sounds, it is quietly assumed that every woman is naturally musical. Music is the great accomplishment, and the logic of her school proves to demonstration that every girl has fingers and an ear. In a wonderful number of cases the same logic proves that girls have a voice. Anyhow, the assumption moulds the very course of female existence. The morning is spent in practising, and the evening in airing the results of the practice. There are country-houses where one only rushes away from the elaborate Thalberg of midnight to be roused up at dawn by the Battle of Prague on the piano in the school-room overhead. Still we all reconcile ourselves to this perpetual rattle, because we know that a musical being has to be educated into existence, and that a woman is necessarily a musical being. A glance, indeed, at what we may call the life of the piano explains the necessity. Music is pre-eminently the social art; no art draws people so conveniently together, no art so lends itself to conversation, no art is in a maidenly sense at once so agreeable, so easy to acquire, and so eminently useful. A flirtation is never conducted under greater advantages than amid the deafening thunders of a grand *finale*; the victim doomed to the bondage of turning over is chained to the fascination of fine arms and delicate hands. Talk, too, may be conducted without much trouble over music on the usual principles of female criticism. "Pretty" and "exquisite" go a great way with the Italian and the romantic schools; "sublime" does pretty universally for the German. The opera is, of course, the crown and sum of things,

the most charming of social lounges, the readiest of conversational topics. It must be a very heavy guardman indeed who cannot kindle over the Flower-song or the Jewel-scene. And it is at the opera that woman is supreme. The strange mingling of eye and ear, the confused appeal to every sensuous faculty, the littleness as well as the greatness of it all, echo the confusion within woman herself. Moreover, there is no boredom—no absolute appeal to thought or deeper feeling. It is in good taste to drop in after the first act, and to leave before the last. It is true that an opera is supposed to be the great creation of a great artist, and an artist's work is presumed to have a certain order and unity of its own; but woman is the Queen of Art, and it is hard if she may not display her royalty by docking the *Fidelio* of its head and its tail. But, if woman is obliged to content herself with mutilating art in the opera or the concert-room, she is able to create art itself over her piano. A host of Claribels and Rosalies exist simply because woman is a musical creature. We turn over the heap of rubbish on the piano with a sense of wonder, and ask, without hope of an answer, why nine-tenths of our modern songs are written at all, or why, being written, they can find a publisher. But the answer is a simple one, after all; it is merely that æsthetic creatures, that queens of art and of song, cannot play good music and can play bad. There is not a publisher in London who would not tell us that the patronage of musical woman is simply a patronage of trash. The fact is that woman is a very practical being, and she has learned by experience that trash pays better than good music for her own special purposes; and when these purposes are attained, she throws good music and bad music aside with a perfect impartiality. It is with a certain feeling of equity, as well as of content, that the betrothed one resigns her sway over the keys. She has played and won, and now she holds it hardly fair that she should interfere with other people's game. So she lounges into a corner, and leaves her Broadwood to those who have practical work to do. Her *rôle* in life has no need of accomplishments, and as for the serious study of music as an art, as to any real love of it or loyalty to it, that is the business of "professional people," and not of British mothers. Only she would have her girls remember that nothing is in better taste than for young people to show themselves artistic.

Music only displays on the grand scale the laws which in less obtrusive form govern the whole æsthetic life of woman. Painting, for instance, dwindles in her hands into the "sketch;" the brown sands in the foreground, the blue wash of the sea, and the dab of rock behind. Not a very lofty or amusing thing, one would say at first sight; but, if one thinks of it, an eminently practical thing, rapid and easy of execution, not mewing the artist up in solitary studio, but lending itself gracefully to picnics and groups of a picturesque sort on cliff and boulder, and whispered criticism from faces peeping over one's shoulder. Serious painting woman can leave comfortably to Academicians the rough-bearded creatures of the Philip Firmin type, though even here she feels, as she glances round the walls of the Academy, that she is creating art as she is creating music. She dwells complacently on the home tendencies of modern painting, on the wonderful succession of squares of domestic canvas, on the nursemaid carrying children upstairs in one picture, on the nursemaid carrying children downstairs in the next. She has her little crow of triumph over the great artist who started with a lofty ideal, and has come down to painting the red stockings of little girls in green baize pews, or the wonderful counterpanes and marvellous bed-curtains of sleeping innocents. She knows that the men who are forced to paint these things growl contempt over their own creations, but the very growl is a tribute to woman's supremacy. It is a great thing when woman can wring from an artist a hundred "pot-boilers," while man can only give him an order for a single "Light of the World." One field of art, indeed, woman claims for her own. Man may build churches as long as he leaves woman to decorate them. A crowning demonstration of her æsthetic faculties meets us on every festival in wreath and text and monogram, in exquisitely moulded pillars turned into grotesque corkscrews, in tracery broken by strips of greenery, in paper flowers and every variety of gilt gingerbread. But it may be questioned whether art is the sole aim of the ecclesiastical picnic out of which decorations spring. The chatty groups dotted over the aisle, the constant appeals to the curate, the dainty little screams and giggles as the ladder shakes beneath those artistic feet, the criticism of cousins who have looked in quite accidentally for a peep, the half-consecrated flirtations in the vestry, allay art even here to those practical purposes which æsthetic woman never forgets. Were she, indeed, once to forget them, she might become a Dr. Mary Walker; she might even become a Georges Sand. In other words, she might find herself an artist, loving and studying art for its own sake—solitary, despised, eccentric, and blue. From such a destiny æsthetic woman turns scornfully away.—*Saturday Review*.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Herr L. Aner, the violinist, has accepted the post of professor at the Conservatory.

A JOLLY WELSH POET.

(From "Punch.")

All that *Mr. Punch* has ever said about the Eisteddfodd (he hopes he has given all the consonants) he hereby retracts absolutely and, with one small reservation, unconditionally. The object of the meeting was, as explained to him, to encourage Welsh poets. He did not think that the encouragement had produced a very satisfactory result. But he has changed his mind. The operation of the process of bringing the Cambrian violets from under the leaves has been slow, but it has been triumphant.

"Diu parturit leena catulum—sed Leonem."

A Welsh poet has been fostered, and he writes in English. *Mr. Punch* rejoices to vindicate his own conversion by showing how it has been effected.

Sir Ivor Guest, having recently wedded, brought home his bride to his native place, Dowlais. Rejoicings greeted the happy couple, to whom *Mr. Punch* also wishes all happiness. But nothing could have given the bride and bridegroom so much delight as a poem that was addressed to them by the Reverend Thomas D. Matthias, Baptist Minister, 6, Lower Thames Street, Merthyr Tydfil (we'll have a memorial slab on that house one of these days) who poured out his joy in stanzas of which we subjoin a specimen:—

"Welcome to Cambria, 'ladye fair,'
And to Glamorganshire,
Where, midst our hills, the Taff and Dare
Flow down through vales of fire.
With joy the festive board we spread,
And deck our spacious hall,
That the worthy may be honoured
By a grand and splendid ball."

Now we like this Baptist minister. He does not take a fanatic view of things, and like the *Record*, denounce a harmless and inspiring dance as a Satanic orgy. He knows that young folks, not to say old ones, may go through the "Lancers" and "Sir Roger de Coverley," and yet not be utterly depraved and lost, and if it had been necessary to bespeak our good nature for his straightforward and simple strain, this line would have assured it. He proceeds to say something about Cambria's harp—changing his metre, as a facile bard can do if he likes.

"Now that harp of mighty memories—
Cambria's harp of silvery strain—
Cambria's harp that hath, for ages,
Held her peerless sovereign reign,
Hither greets the courtly chieftain,
Good Sir Ivor, to his home,
To the land of flood and mountain,
To his loved ancestral dome."

But now we get jollier than ever, and our jovial Baptist minister declares that we shall make a night of it. We dare say that we have often done so with duller fellows.

"Fill the bowl with spiced metheglin—
Wreath a garland fresh and fair—
Sing of Ivor Hael and Elaine—
'Till the morn we'll banish care;
Rose and lily, pansy, pink,
Violet, primrose, pimpernel,
From forest, field, and river's brink,
From lofty mount and lowly dell,

Cull them." "In a chaplet." We have not the least objection to their being culled, but somebody else must go after them. We prefer stopping to drink metheglin (or, if we might put a name to our own choice, rum-and-water) with our glad bard, Mr. Matthias. We thought he would not miss his little joke about Guest, and why should he?

"Cull them—a chaplet bright to weave
For our bonny bridal pair,
No honours too high to 'a Guest' can we give—
To a bridegroom so bright—and a bride so fair.
God speed, we wish you, and length of years,
And household gifts, both rich and rare,
And the King of Heaven in yonder spheres
At last receive you to reign with him there."

This conclusion, put into a still longer metre, shows that the Reverend Mr. Matthias, spite of ball and metheglin, and not going home till morning, is mindful of his sacerdotal character. We believe him to be a very good fellow, and very likely he is a capital and devoted minister, and we hope that he has liberal deacons, who do not take the liberty of lecturing him. We hinted at a condition. We will never say anything more against the Eisteddfod, if it will annually turn out as jolly a poem as Matthias's welcome to Sir Ivor and Lady Guest. It has never done so yet.

THE CATHOLICITY OF MUSIC.

(From "Dwight's Journal of Music.")

Music is religious and prophetic. She is the real Sibyl, chanting evermore of unity. Over wild, waste oceans of discord floats her silvery voice, the harbinger of love and hope. Every genuine strain of music is a serene prayer, or bold, inspired demand, to be united with all, at the heart of all things. Her appeal to the world is more loving than the world can yet appreciate. Kings and statesmen, and men of affairs, and men of theories, would stand aside from their own over-rated occupations to listen to her voice, if they knew how nearly it concerned them, how much more it goes to the bottom of the matter, and how clearly she forefeels humanity's great destiny. The soul that is truly receptive of music learns angelic wisdom, and grows more child-like with experience. The sort of experience which music gives does not plough cunning furrows in the brow of the fresh soul, nor darken its expressive face by knitting there the tangled lines of Satan. Here, the most deeply initiated are in spirit the most youthful; and hope delights to wait on them.

The sentiment of unity, strongest and deepest sentiment in man, the great affection into which all his affections flow—to find, not lose themselves; which looks to the source when little wants conflict, and straightway they are reconciled in emulous ardour for the glory of the whole; which lifts a man above the thought of self, by making him in every sense fully himself, by re-uniting his prismatic, party-coloured passions into one which is as clear and universal as the light; the sentiment which seeks only universal harmony and order, so that all things, whether of the inner or of the outer world, may be perfectly transparent to the love in which they have their being, and that the sole condition of all peace and happiness, the consciousness of one in all and all in one, may never more be wanting;—that is what the common sense of mankind means by the religious sentiment,—that is the pure essence of religion. Music is its natural language, the chief rite of its worship, the rite which cannot lose its sacredness; for music cannot cease to be harmony, cannot cease to symbolize the sacred relationship of each to all, cannot contract a taint, any more than the sunbeam which shines into all corners. Music cannot narrow or cloak the message which it bears; it cannot lie; it cannot raise questions in the mind, or excite any other than a pure enthusiasm. It is God's alphabet, and not man's, unalterable and unpervertible: suited for the harmony of the human passions and affections; and sent us, in this their long winter of disharmony and strife, to be a perpetual type and monitor, rather say an actual foretaste, of that harmony which must yet come. How could there be religion without music? That sentiment would create it again, would evoke its elements out of the completest jargon of discords, if the scale and the accords, and all the use of instruments, were forgotten. Let that feeling deepen in our nation, and absorb its individual ambitions, and we shall have our music greater than the world has known.

There was an age of faith, though the doctrinal statements and the forms thereof were narrow. Art, however, freed the spirit which the priest imprisoned. Music, above all, woke to celestial power and beauty in the bosom of a believing though an ignorant age. The Catholic Church did not neglect this great secret of expression and of influence; and the beautiful free servant served it in a larger spirit than itself had dreamed of. Where it could not teach the Bible, where its own formal interpretations thereof were perhaps little better than stones for bread, it could breathe the spirit of the Bible and of all love and sanctity into the most ignorant and thoughtless worshipper, through its sublime masses, at once so joyous and so solemn, so soul-subduing and so exalting, so full of tenderness, so full of rapture uncontrollable, so confident, and so devout. In these, the hearer did, for the time being, actually live celestial states. The mystery of the Cross and the Ascension, the glorious doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven, were not reasoned out to his understanding, but passed through his very soul, like an experience, in these all-permeating clouds of sound; and so the religion became in him an emotion, which could not so easily become a thought, which had better not become such thought as the opinionated teachers of the visible church would give him. The words of the "Credo" never yet went down with all minds; but their general tenor is universal, and music is altogether so. Music extracts and embodies only the spirit of the doctrine, that inmost life of it which all feel, and miraculously revivifies and transfigures the cold statements of the understanding with the warm faith of feeling. In music there is no controversy; in music there are no opinions: its springs are deeper than the foundations of any of these partition walls, and its breath floats undivided over all their summits. Less danger to the Catholic whose head is clouded by dull superstitions, so long as his heart is nourished and united with the life of all lives by this refreshing dew!

The growing disposition, here and there, among select musical circles, to cultivate acquaintance with this form of music, is a good sign. What has been called sacred music in this country has been the least sacred in everything but the name, and the forced reverence paid to it. With

the superstitions of the past, the soul of nature also was suppressed; and the free spirit of music found small sphere amid our loud protestings. A joyless religion of the intellect merely, which could almost find fault with the sun's shining, closed every pore of the self-mortified and frozen soul against the subtle, insinuating warmth of this most eloquent apostle of God. The sublime sincerity of that wintry energy of self-denial having for the most part passed away, and the hearts of the descendants of the Pilgrims having become opened to all worldly influences, why should they not be also visited by the heavenly corrective of holy and enchanting music, which is sure to call forth and to nourish germs of loftier affection? Can the bitter spirit of sectarianism—can the formal preachings of a worldly church which strives to keep religion so distinct from life—can the utilitarian ethics of this great day of trade, give the soul such nourishment and such conviction of the higher life as the great religious music of Bach and Handel, Mozart and Haydn and Beethoven? The pomp and pageantry of the mass we have not. But the spiritual essence lives in the music itself; and a mere quartet of voices, a social friendly group, bound alike by moral and by musical sympathies, may drink this inspiration, may pour it out on others. The songs and operas of the day, which take the multitude, become insipid in comparison with such music.

In music of this kind, there is somewhat that is peculiar to the individuality of the composer; but there is more that is universal, true to the inmost meaning of all hearts. Every sentiment, if it is deep enough, becomes religion; for every sentiment seeks and tends to unity, to harmony, to recognize of the one in all. And every sentiment in music is expressed in its purity, and carried up as it were to the blending point of all the emotions in one, which is the radical desire and feeling of the soul—its passion to be one with God.

The Church afforded to genius that sphere, for its highest and holiest ambition, which it found not elsewhere. The masses of Haydn are more numerous, and more of them elaborate great efforts, than those of Mozart, many of whose masses were composed at so early an age; and his genius steadily drew him towards that sphere of music, in which he was destined to reign supreme—the opera. But, though to Haydn we must grant the very perfection of artistic skill and grace, a warm and childlike piety, and a spirit of the purest joy; and though at times he has surpassing tenderness; still there is an indescribable atmosphere, an air of inspiration, a gushing forth as of the very warmest, inmost life-blood, in Mozart's religious music, which affects us, even when it is simpler than Haydn's with more power. Religion takes in Haydn more the form of gratitude and joy. The mournfulness of a "Miserere" or a "Crucifixus" of his is a passive mood, where the subject calls for it, rather than a permanent and inherent quality in the whole music of his own being. His ground-tone seems to be a certain domestic grateful sense of life, in which the clearest order and the sweetest kindness and thankfulness for ever reign. In Mozart the ground-tone is love, the very ecstasy and celestial bliss of the re-union of souls long separated, at once romantic and platonic, sensuous, and yet exalting the senses to a most spiritual ministry. In him we have what is nearest to the naked soul of music—its most ethereal, transparent, thrilling body. One would scarce suppose, that the soul of Mozart ever inhabited any other body than those melodies and harmonies in which it dwells for us. Something of a personal love, however, is felt in his most religious strains: it is the worship of the Holy Virgin; the music of that phase of the religious sentiment, which Swedenborg might call conjugal love.

To Beethoven's two masses, especially the great one in D, it comes most natural to add the term *solemn*; for, with him, all is a great effort. It is the very sentiment of a man—aspiration, boundless yearning to embrace the Infinite. With him the very discontent of the soul becomes religion, and opens sublime visions, which are like a flying horizon of ever near, yet unattainable order and beauty. In the exhaustibleness of the heart's cravings, he finds revelations; and out of those depths, with gloomy grandeur, with fire now smothered and now breaking out, and always with a wrapt impetuosity, the worship of his nature springs, escaping like a flame to heaven.

Then, too, besides this captivating music of the Catholic Church, we should think of the plain chorale, the voices of the united multitude, in simple, solemn sublime strains, presenting themselves as one before the Lord. Even our modern psalm, as monotonous and artificial as it often is, satisfying scarcely more than the grammatical conditions of a musical proposition, has oftentimes an unsurpassable grandeur. Where thousands sing the same slow melody, the mighty waves of sound seem to wake in the air their own accompaniment, and the effect is that of harmony. On this broad popular basis, Bach and Handel built. Bach expresses the deep, interior soul and spirituality of Protestantism; the religion of personal experience is more his theme. Handel, too, is Protestant, the people's man, in music. In him the great sentiment of a common humanity found expression. The individual vanishes: it is the mighty music of humanity: his theme, the one first theme, and properly the burden of all music, humanity's looking-for and welcome

of its Messiah. What a prediction and foreshadowing of the future harmony and unity of the whole race is that great oratorio! What are those choruses, those hallelujahs and amens, but the solemn ecstasy, the calm, because universal and all-sympathizing, everywhere sustained excitement, which all souls shall feel, when all shall feel their unity with all humanity, and with all to God.

THE EARLY YEARS OF GIACOMO MEYERBEER.

(Continued from page 601.)

Being provided with the best introductions from Berlin and Vienna, Meyerbeer met in Paris with a most brilliant reception, which remained indelibly impressed upon his mind. He visited the opera-houses and other art institutions, allowing himself to be prevailed upon to extend his stay, which he originally meant to make a short one. Nay, he even began writing an international literary work, destined to fill up a considerable gap in musical literature. But the idea appears never to have been thoroughly carried out, as nothing was ever heard afterwards of any work of this description.

Meanwhile, C. M. von Weber, who had, since 1813, undertaken the musical direction of the Opera-house, Prague, and fulfilled the duties of his position with such zeal and energy as to increase the prosperity and reputation of the establishment, came forward as champion of the neglected opera of *Almelek*, which he knew and highly valued. He got it up with the most friendly care, and enjoyed the satisfaction, at the three performances which followed each other on the 22nd, 23rd, and 30th October, 1815, of seeing the approbation and interest of the public gradually increase till they attained enthusiasm. This reached its culminating point on the 30th, when the theatre was quite full, and Weber, carried away by his feelings, exclaimed that the Prague public know how to appreciate what was good, and that its voice was always right. The principal parts were in the best hands, namely, in those of Madame Grünbaum, previously Mdle. Müller ("the German Catalani," as she was termed), and Herr Ehlers, the same who could not undertake the leading male part at Vienna, but who now, with double zeal, exhibited his great and acknowledged talent in a brilliant light. The orchestra and the chorus had been trained to perfection by the careful conductor, who himself wrote the following newspaper notice on the work: "The subject (of *Almelek*) is 'The Sleeper awakened,' from the story in the *Arabian Nights*, treated with unusual wit and humour, and we must, in the first place, congratulate the composer on his being associated with such a librettist as Herr Wohlbrück. When verses are written with such knowledge of the stage, power of character, and melody, the composer must be moved and inspired, as the composer has undoubtedly proved himself to be in the present instance. The unity and satisfactory treatment observable throughout the opera, are to be found in but few others; and, in addition to these recommendations, we have proofs of a serious study of art; we have a beautiful combination of independent melodic forms, in which every character is distinctly preserved; there is no prolixity; everything is treated with dramatic truth, full of lively, vivid fancy; of pleasing, and frequently luxuriant melodies; of correct declamation; of rich, and new harmonic turns; and of carefully considered instrumentation, frequently distinguished by astounding contrasts. Such is this opera, and it would be an easy task to prove, by extracts, all I have said, had not experience taught me that such isolated movements and passages torn from their proper places cease to be what they can be only when taken with the context, and thus have seldom any convincing effect."—"The pianoforte arrangement of the opera will, probably soon be published, and no doubt be found upon every piano. My object is gained if by these lines I have directed the attention of the lovers of art to the new genius that has now risen up."

Meyerbeer, was, as we said, far away in Paris when this honourable success was achieved for him. After an agreeable sojourn of nearly a year in the French capital, he set out for Italy, first visiting Venice which he reached just in time to behold the great triumphs obtained by Rossini with his *Tancredi*. Considered at the present time, the triumph of so shallow a work strikes us as incomprehensible. For even though we might admire the truly astounding abundance of light, flowing melodies, and believe in the composer's genius, who wanted nothing more than a serious

will and object of his own, united to a thorough course of training, to produce works of such greatness that we cannot possibly calculate it, the faults of this opera, as of most other Italian operas, preponderate over its good qualities. Nearly all the conditions which we expect to find in a musically dramatic work of art are contemptuously disregarded, as though on purpose. There is no musical realization of character; no treatment of the music in accordance with history; no musically dramatic development and consistency; and no becoming earnestness. If we now ask what it was which procured for this opera above all others its marked success, of which our elder contemporaries cannot speak in sufficiently high terms; what it was which caused its immense popularity, we must look for the answer in the circumstances of the time. The opera came before the world at that lucky period, when everyone, tired with the horrors of war, yearned for the joys of an undisturbed existence, and abandoned himself, without more ado, to whatever tickled the ear. Of the half-hundred once so belauded works by Rossini, the more serious and reflective spirit of the present day cares but for very few.

When, therefore, Meyerbeer strove to pursue this same path, he was guilty of an error, but everything combined in urging him to adopt this error as his ideal: the magnificent beauties of nature, and the faster life of Italy; the style of music, so easy for a thorough musician like him, required for Italian operas; and, despite this, the gigantic success, and the enthusiastic admiration, to be seen nowhere but in Italy, paid to successful composers. He gave himself up, therefore, completely to these impressions; studied zealously and profitably the Italian style of singing, and endeavoured to make himself master of the light, graceful, and melodious forms introduced by Rossini, and which, when combined with more thorough German harmonic treatment and instrumentation, were destined, he believed, to mark a new era. Just as he had done in Vienna for the nice touches of a new style of playing, he devoted, in Italy, the unflagging labour of months to attain his end, and at length, in 1818, came before the world with the semi-serious opera, *Romilda e Constanza*.

This opera, first produced on the 19th June, 1818, at the Teatro Nuovo, Padua, was so successful, that Meyerbeer was asked to write a new opera for the Carnival season in Turin. This was *Semiramide riconosciuta* a tragic story by Metastasio, produced and brilliantly received, in 1819, at the Theatre Royal, Turin, with the celebrated Caroline Bassi in the principal female part. In the same year, Meyerbeer furnished—also to order—the Teatro Benedetto, Venice, with the two-act tragic opera, *Emma di Resburgo* (*Emma of Resburg*, or *Emma of Leicester*), words by Rossi. It was with this that he achieved his first important success. The opera found its way to the theatres of Germany, being given, for instance, at Berlin, as far back as the 11th February, 1820. Its success in Venice was all the greater, because a new score of Rossini's, *Eduardo e Cristina* was pitted against it, but Rossini's production was beaten out of the field by this work of a *novus homo* and a foreigner.

The more Meyerbeer's reputation increased and spread in Italy, the more active became his opponents in his own country. As long as he had lived and worked in Germany, scarcely any notice had been taken of him or of his efforts; but now that he was on the point of establishing his reputation, his adversaries proclaimed, in long and violent criticisms, his desertion of his native land, and, either from ignorance or malice, demanded that with his great talent, now recognized for the first time, he should introduce German music to the Italians, a futile piece of folly, which in their day, would not have achieved an artistic reputation in Italy even for Handel, Hasse, Gluck, or Mozart. Some persons actually ventured to assert that C. M. von Weber pursued the friend of his youth with imprecations for his treachery. Weber may, perhaps, have disapproved of the course taken by Meyerbeer, but he never, on that account, withdrew his friendship from him, for he respected him more than he respected any one else. Nay, referring to the production of *Emma von Resburg*, at Dresden, he wrote in the local paper: "This opera bears unmistakably the stamp of the latitude where it was created, and of the musical feeling at present prevalent there. I believe that the composer's object in this instance was to show that he held undoubted power and authority, as lord and master, over every kind of form. The state of the art digestion of the Italians must indeed be radically bad, that the genius

of Meyerbeer, which certainly could produce of its own independent power, should deem it necessary to place upon the table not only sweet and lusciously swelling fruit, but actually sugar it up still more with such fashionable forms. As a matter of course, the particular excellences of the composer, which were mentioned above, are to be found, as far as the kind of work will allow, here also, and it will strike the observer as very remarkable to see so perfectly different an aim kept in view in these two works; I cannot point to anything similar in the productions of any other composer."

"Herr Meyerbeer has, therefore, proved to us the many-sidedness of his talent, which can certainly be original if he likes, and that he is able to do what he chooses. If the writer of these lines may be allowed to express a wish it is that, after having studied art in its manifold divergences, according to the mode of thought obtaining among the nations that cultivate it, and after having proved his power, as well as the suppleness of his talent, Herr Meyerbeer may return to his German fatherland, and, with the few persons who really honour art, assist in erecting the edifice of a German national opera, whose partisans learn willingly from strangers, but reproduce newly-fashioned in truth and originality what they have learnt, so that we may at length definitively fix among art-nations our rank of which Mozart laid the unshakable foundations in German opera."

This noble wish, so honourably characteristic of Weber, has been fulfilled, not in the restricted, though meritorious and fame bringing sense, in which the writer saw the highest aim of artistic ambition, but in the most extensive manner, of which no one could previously entertain a presentiment. Rightly following the voice of his genius, Meyerbeer did not become the creator or reformer of a new national German opera, as his powers would most eminently have qualified him to become, but the creator and the reformer of universal opera, not limited to a particular nation, which dwindles down in the immense space of the globe to an insignificant, and more or less changeable point, but, like art, on whose endless empire the sun never sets, holding dominion everywhere, and delighting all nations with equal blessings.

But we are anticipating our narrative too much. Retracing our steps, we must mention that, with *Emma di Resburgo*, Meyerbeer's reputation was firmly established in Italy, and ought to be valued twice as high as under ordinary circumstances, because it is only with repugnance that Italians acknowledge the greatness of foreign artists. *Emma*, which was given everywhere, was followed by *Margherita di Angiò*, a two-act opera, words by Rossi, which was first produced on the 14th November, 1820, at the Scala, Milan, and, like its predecessor, found its way to the theatres in other countries. It was brought out in Berlin at the Königstädter Theatre, on the 22nd November, 1831. The success obtained by it at Milan induced the management to order, for the Carnival of 1822, a new opera, on a tragic subject, the words by Romani, *L'Esule di Granata*, produced on the 12th March that year, with Mad. Pifaroni and Lablache. From Milan, Meyerbeer went to Rome, where a new world was opened to him. While wrapt in wonder and admiration at the ruins of a great Past, and immersed in the study of the treasures belonging to ancient art, he gained grand new ideas, and commenced looking for his ideal where he had not yet sought it. Already in Milan he had begun hunting up the rich remains of former days, and rendering them his own by carefully made copies. The study of these treasures naturally led his mind back to the high principles whence it had started. In his library, we found this numerous collection of Masses, Motets, and Psalms, in the neatest handwriting, with a biography of the respective composers prefixed.

(To be continued.)

BRESCIA.—Petrella's latest opera, *Catharina Howard*, has not proved too successful here, though very well performed. The public found that it contained too many reminiscences of the composer's former works.

MOSCOW.—The Italian operatic season was to commence about the 9th September. The Subscription, divided into two distinct portions, will embrace altogether thirty-two performances. Among the seventeen operas announced are *Don Giovanni*; *Le Nozze di Figaro*; *Il Domino Nero*; *Fra Diavolo*; *Masaniello*; and *Gli Ugonotti*. The conductor will again be M. Dupont. Mdlle. Artôt, Mesdames Bennati, Ferucci; Signori Stagne, Padilla, and Bossi are engaged.

Histoire de Palmerin d'Olibe filz du Roy FLORENDO de MACEDONE et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remiclus, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Angenin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for THIRTY-FIVE GUINEAS.

Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

DEATH.

On the 30th ult., at 14, Clifton Villas, Maida Hill, Mr. C. BOOSE, Bandmaster of the Horse Guards Blue, aged 54.

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD will henceforth be published on FRIDAY, in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1868.

"LA JEUNESSE DE GOETHE."

THE Civil Tribunal of the Seine gave its decision on Friday last in a case which has a story worth telling.

Among the most passionate admirers of Goethe was Meyerbeer, who long cherished the idea of taking *Faust* as the subject of an opera. But while, with characteristic fastidiousness, he was thinking how best to set about it, Gounod occupied the ground before him. Upon this, Meyerbeer reluctantly abandoned his intention, and probably would have thought no more of illustrating his favourite poet, but for the following incident:—Towards the close of 1859 M. Blaze de Bury wrote a piece for the Odéon, called *La Jeunesse de Goethe*, in the third act of which was a scene demanding music—so thought M. Rounat, the director—for its due effect, and not only so, but music specially adapted to the situation. "What if I speak to Meyerbeer?" said M. de Bury. The director treated his author's remark as a joke; but meanwhile the latter called upon Meyerbeer, told him what was wanted, revived all his enthusiasm for Goethe and, in a week, received a promise of co-operation. The musician had no sooner set to work than his old desire to treat the story of *Faust* returned, and M. de Bury partially remodelled the drama in consequence. The spring of 1860 came, and nothing was heard from Meyerbeer, then residing in Berlin. M. Rounat grew impatient, and M. de Bury wrote to the composer, who, a little piqued, replied that he always kept his word. Six months passed, but the music was not forthcoming, whereupon it was thought well to require from Meyerbeer a formal undertaking to complete the work by a specified time. This he gave under certain conditions, and named May 10th, 1861, as the date of first representation. In January the composer wrote to M. de Bury, announcing the completion of his task, but meanwhile M. Rounat found it desirable to put off the production of *La Jeunesse de Goethe* till the spring of 1862. This suited Meyerbeer admirably, for two reasons—it permitted him to keep his music to himself a little longer, and left him at full liberty to superintend the bringing out of *L'Africaine* during the winter. In August, 1861, M. Rounat wished to treat definitely for the piece, but Meyerbeer, who knew that the Odéon

closed at the end of May, and that *La Jeunesse de Goethe* could have but few consecutive representations, was prompt with reasons for a further postponement. A letter to M. de Bury, written from Ems, urged that the music would require six weeks' rehearsal; that it was absurd to produce the work at a time when its "run" must perforce be soon stopped; that it was essential he (Meyerbeer) should be in Paris when it was produced; and, finally, that he could not be in Paris at the time specified. In October there was nothing decided, and M. Rounat, quite out of patience, wrote a pressing note to M. de Bury, urging him to bring the master to terms, and offering, moreover, to keep the Odéon open so long as the work continued to draw. This, however, had no effect; and as it was understood that *La Jeunesse de Goethe* should follow the *Africaine*, which did not appear, further effort seems to have been abandoned.

In 1864, Meyerbeer died, leaving by will certain directions as to the disposal of his manuscripts, which were thoroughly in keeping with his own treatment of them during life. Those directions, enforced by a solemn appeal to the "piety" of his well-beloved wife and children, were, in effect, that all his unpublished musical remains whatsoever (*L'Africaine* excepted) should be carefully kept and guarded in "un coffre spécial," accessible to nobody. In the event of one of his children showing a talent for music—on which point the executors were to judge—he directed that the box and its contents should become that child's property; otherwise, the whole was to be burnt. Not unnaturally, M. Blaze de Bury conceived that he had a right to claim exemption from this fate for *La Jeunesse de Goethe*. The composer's family and executors, however, adhered to the letter of their instructions, and it only remained for M. de Bury to assert his right in a court of law.

The plaintiff's advocate, M. Le Berquier, advanced two main arguments on behalf of his client. One was based upon Meyerbeer's evident intention to produce *La Jeunesse de Goethe* at some time or other, an intention often expressed towards the close of his life, and subsequent to the date of the will. The other urged the difficulty in such a case of deciding where the rights of a collaborator begins or ends; and repudiated the idea that the caprice of one can lawfully deprive the other of any benefit likely to arise from their common work. On behalf of the Meyerbeer family, M. Cremieux made a long and elaborate speech, the main points in which were echoed by the Avocat Imperial, M. Chevrier, who said there were three questions for consideration: 1st, Did Meyerbeer's directions as to the disposal of his manuscripts apply to *La Jeunesse de Goethe*? 2nd, Was there between Meyerbeer and M. de Bury any convention which established a genuine co-partnership? 3rd, In the absence of a convention, is there any superior right to which M. de Bury can appeal? As to the first, M. Chevrier held that the pointed exception made in favour of *L'Africaine* conclusively proved that no exception was intended in the case of *La Jeunesse de Goethe*. On the second point he expressed a belief that all the facts of the case went to show Meyerbeer's dissatisfaction with the work; that he regarded it as incomplete, and himself as in no way bound by any convention whatever to deliver it up. With reference to the third question, the Avocat Imperial declared the music and libretto of an opera to be distinct and divisible things, and that the author of each is "the master of his own glory."

For these reasons the tribunal pronounced judgment against M. de Bury's claim. It did so with regret; but, said M. Chevrier, "fortune is changeable, and it is perhaps prudent to spare the glory of Meyerbeer the hazard of another experiment."

The following letters of Meyerbeer were read in court during the trial referred to above:—

No. 1.

To M. Blaze de Bury.

BERLIN, March 10, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I received your letter with double pleasure because it gave me news of you, and because I love everything that comes from your *spirituelle* and philosophical pen.

You appear to doubt, my dear friend, that I shall keep the word I have given you to write music for the third act of your Goethe drama, which you sent me when I left Paris. I have promised to finish the composition by the autumn, the time when, as you told me, your drama ought to be put in rehearsal. I have never yet failed in my promises, and it will not be in relation to such a friend as you that I shall do so for the first time.

You say nothing about the tragedy of *Petrarque*, which you intended to bring out this winter at the Odéon; is it not finished, or are there difficulties in the way connected with the theatre? You well know anything concerning you, my dear friend, or your poetic works, inspires me with interest.

Remember me to Madame de Bury, and M. and Mme. Buloz, but above, and before all, to my charming protectresses and good advocates Mdlle. Marie Buloz, and Mdlle. Zetta de Bury. Tell them, at the same time, that the march I have composed for the fête of St. Gilles, at Paris, will appear immediately, and that I have ordered my publisher to send each of them a copy.

Adieu, and a thousand compliments from your very devoted

MEYERBEER.

No. 2.

To M. Blaze de Bury.

PARIS, Sept. 2, 1860.

MY DEAR HENRI,—I yield with pleasure to the desire you have shown that I should put to music the great scene which forms the third act of your drama, *La Jeunesse de Goethe*, intended for the Théâtre Français or the Odéon, and I promise the music by the 10th of May next, so that the work may be represented in the course of next season. This, however, on the express condition that the orchestra and chorus of the Italiens be engaged for the performances, and that four artists, chosen by me, take the parts of Mignon, Gretchen, the Roi des Aulnes, and the Father.

If the piece be not played by the 15th of June, it must not be given before the 15th of September. I will explain to you by word of mouth, dear Henri, the reason of this last condition. It will be necessary for you to write to me on the 10th of March, if the theatre come to an engagement with you for the time, and on the conditions mentioned in this letter.—Y our very devoted

MEYERBEER.

No. 3.

To M. Blaze de Bury.

BERLIN, Jan. 28, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Six weeks ago I finished the music which you engaged me to compose. I now await information from you as to time and place of its production. I see by your letter that the latter is likely to be the Odéon.

If you find all the necessary qualifications in the *troupe*, as well as the accessories for the *mise-en-scène* of the third act, and they are able to guarantee, as regards the music, that which I stipulated in a former letter, I think the place is well chosen, especially with a manager like M. de la Rounat, who has a reputation for boldness and intelligence. But you tell me that in April, when we agreed that I should give you my score, M. de la Rounat has an engagement with Madame Ristori, and that he proposes to produce the work in the spring of 1862. I at that time shall certainly be free, musically speaking, for my new opera will be given in the course of next winter. I therefore see no difficulty in the way at present.

In my position, dear friend, as the father of a family, not resident in France, I do not like to make a definitive engagement for a time so distant. Who knows, in the vicissitudes of our lives, what may happen before then to keep me at home. If we wait till October next before treating with M. Rounat for the following April it will be nearly

seven months in advance, and we shall not be tied for so long a time. I think, as you say, if he wishes to have the work that will not be an imposition.

Now, my dear friend, let us turn to our piece. The scene about which I had most fear, and which I proposed to you should be altered (that of the Cathedral in *Faust*) has come to be the best of all, and I hope that you will not be dissatisfied with it. There is only one other thing which disquiets me, and about which I yet hesitate—the scene of the Roi des Aulnes. Schubert's music to the ballad is so popular everywhere that the public will not accept anything new upon the words, and it influences me so much that I could write nothing likely to satisfy myself. I intend, then, to take the context of Schubert's melodies and incorporate it with the music for the daughters of the Roi des Aulnes, dividing the melodies themselves between the three characters, and, at the same time scoring for orchestra those pieces which Schubert wrote for piano only.

There are two ways of doing the work; the one is to make the father and son speak to the music of Schubert as given by the orchestra, allowing only the Roi des Aulnes and his maidens to sing; the other is to let all the characters have a part in the music. Have the goodness to tell me which of these two methods you prefer. From a purely musical point of view the latter would be the better, but I will abide by your decision. Will you also let me know if you have, as was your intention, added a chorus of students to the first act? and in that case send it me forthwith, as I prefer to write while the impression of the character of the music is still strong upon my imagination, rather than when other works have made it strange to me.—Y our very devoted

MEYERBEER.

No. 4.

To M. Blaze de Bury.

EMS, August 30, 1861.

You ought to know, dear Henri, for I told you last year, and you will find it in a letter you have of mine upon this subject, that I can only be in Paris in the month of April. We must have at least six good weeks of rehearsals, and, when the music, itself complicated enough (above all in the Church-scene) is learnt, there yet remain the scenic details, and the exceptional positions of the singers, who never find themselves in front of the foot lights, and are consequently far from the orchestra. It will be necessary to have many trials, and, perhaps, partial alterations before all will go smoothly.

You write me that the Odéon closes at the end of May; hence you will not be able to have more than eight or ten representations before the doors are shut. Consider, dear friend, whether it will be to the advantage of your work to interrupt its run after so few representations, and whether it will not be better, under these circumstances, to give it in another theatre able to play it all the summer; or, as appears to me best, to remain at the Odéon, and to produce the work in September, at which time you will have all the autumn and winter before you. But understand, dear friend, this is a hint I throw out, not a condition. Your interest in the piece is the more important, and it ought to have more weight in our councils, as I have only written the music to one act out of three.

You ask me, dear Henri, if I cannot visit Paris for a short time; my intention was to make an excursion after having completed my cure here, chiefly to become familiar with *La Jeunesse de Goethe*, of which I know, at present, only that which you have told me. It is of great importance for me to become acquainted with the entire drama, in order to know how the acts preceding that I have set to music justify the character of the work I have done according to the general idea of the piece which alone you have indicated to me.

But my Paris excursion appears impossible, my King having ordered me to compose the music for his coronation at Königsburg, and desired me, moreover, to be myself at Königsburg to conduct a concert which will form part of the Royal fêtes. Already, I have composed, by his orders, a cantata which will be performed at the palace in Berlin after the return of the King from Königsburg, and which I must also conduct. You see, therefore, that I cannot even think of a journey.

You tell me in your letter, dear friend, that you will, perhaps, visit

me at Ems. That will be charming. But you must not waste time in carrying out your intention, for on the 14th of September I leave here for Berlin. If you come, above all things do not forget to bring *La Jeunesse de Goethe*, that I may read it.

Give my remembrances to M^{de}. de Bury, and a thousand compliments to the charming M^{lle}. Jetta, who, I sincerely hope, retains her good-will to her old adorer,

MEYERBEER.

LEIPSIK MENDELSSOHN MEMORIAL.

WE have received from Mr. Payne, the Secretary to the Committee, some further information on the subject of this project. The Memorial is proposed to take the shape of a statue of Mendelssohn, to be erected in some conspicuous and appropriate spot in Leipsic, probably in the Augustus Platz, which contains the theatre, university, museum, Pauliner-Kirche, and post-office. The cost of the statue in a style worthy of the composer, and of the manner in which he raised the fame of Leipsic as a musical city, is estimated at 30,000 thalers, or £4,500. A commencement has been made by the directors of the Gewandhaus, who have paid a subscription of 1000 thalers, or £150. A concert was recently held in the theatre, at which Julius Rietz conducted, Joachim played, and Madame Joachim sang, and which produced 500 thalers; and a similar concert in Dresden yielded 300 more. This is all that has been done at present, but with the commencement of the musical season the committee will set vigorously to work, and other concerts will take place throughout Germany. In this way it is hoped to avoid asking subscriptions from individuals. The committee has naturally not lost sight of England, where Mendelssohn was as welcome and as much at home as in Germany; where his works are so treasured, and what is more, so much performed; where his memory is still as green as leaves in May; and where there are so many musical institutions who have flourished on his works. We can fancy the eagerness with which the Sacred Harmonic Society, the Philharmonic Societies (Old and New), Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, and half a hundred other bodies—metropolitan, Crystal, and provincial—will rush to performance when the memory of Mendelssohn is in question. However, all this is at present nothing but fancy. No English committee has yet been formed, though Mr. Payne hints significantly that one is in process of formation. We can only say the sooner the better, and the larger and wider the better.

We take the opportunity of reprinting the list of the committee, in which there were a few inaccuracies last week.

COMMITTEE.

Dr. LIPPERT DÄHNE, <i>President</i> .	Professor OVERBECK.
Herr E. ANSCHÜTZ, <i>Vice-Pres.</i>	Herr PETSCHKE, <i>Registrar</i> .
Herr VON BURGSDORFF.	Herr Capellmeister REINECKE.
Herr Concertmeister F. DAVID.	Professor RICHTER.
Dr. GUNTHER.	Herr SCHLEINITZ, <i>Director of the</i>
Dr. ADOLPH KEIL.	Gewandhaus Concerts.
Dr. J. H. KISTNER.	Herr Capellmeister SCHMIDT.
Dr. LAMPE.	Herr Capellmeister SCHREY.
Dr. LANGER.	Herr CARL VOIGT.
Herr LIMBURGER.	Herr CARL WENDLER.
Professor G. O. MARBACH.	Herr TH. VON WITTE.
Professor MOSCHELES.	Herr SEYFFERTH, <i>Treasurer</i> .

Dr. OSCAR PAUL, Herr A. PAYNE, *Secretaries*.

THE LEIPSIK MENDELSSOHN MEMORIAL.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

58, Brunswick Place, City Road, Sep. 2, 1868.

SIR,—In consequence of the appeal (published in your columns) which a Leipsic committee makes to those of the English nation who are admirers of Mendelssohn, to aid them in erecting a statue of that

great and good man in their city, I trust that a committee will be formed in London to co-operate with that of Leipsic. If this be not done, I propose that English societies, or private individuals who are desirous of subscribing, should send their names for insertion in your journal, and that the money be paid to any London bank the Leipsic gentlemen may appoint, when requested to do so.

Feeling grateful for the friendship my late beloved husband received from Mendelssohn, I beg you to place my name in your list for five guineas, and the same amount from Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.

Hoping to send you others shortly, I remain, yours respectfully,

ANN S. MOUNSEY BARTHOLOMEW.

[We shall be happy to receive and publish the names of any who are disposed to follow the laudable example of our esteemed correspondent. A committee ought at once to be formed, as to which what says Mr. George Grove of the Crystal Palace?—Ed. M. W.]

AP-EVANS IN A FLURRY.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

RESPECTED FRIEND,—You appear to be more than half-right, in your last delectable morsel, in the first column of page 607; the reason probably is that Welsh bards, whether suns and moons of the poetical firmament or not, or those lesser lights that shine o' nights or not, ycleped the parish lanterns, are more modest in their estimate of themselves than their English rivals. When the lively author of "Cambria te nunquam charos peperisse poetas," perpetrated his noble ode of four lines, or of about thirty words, he must have been penning what Artemus Ward would have designated—"Saccasum," or "goaking." The interpretation is decidedly *very* free (would I could also say *easy*!), and worthy of the new-old Roman or Latin gabble standing in relation thereto. Let us see what it is made of—"Said Johnny to Taffy," is plain English and plain sense: "a rumour prevails," is the perfection of plain intimation of an equally plain fact: "there never arose up a poet in Wales"—What?—whom?—how?—wherefore?—did there elsewhere? The satiric Goliath leaves us fogged and bogged and logged in total ignorance on these points, the cruel monster! everything being left to the creative powers of the fine imaginations of the four-lined immortal's "pensive public playful proud." The immortal's soul is far too mighty to be squeezed into the paltry pigmy nutshell of four weak limping lines; hence, with one mighty leap, he plunges headlong, with eyes in fine frenzy rolling, into "Ap Shones and Ap Shinkins in multitudes follow:" from which it is to be legitimately inferred that the Welsh are cannibals, and that they consequently cooked Mr. Ap Shones and Mr. Ap Shinkins for breakfast; and when done to a turn or a bubble, as the case may have been, those poor Cymri were divided into infinitesimal particles, one only of such particles being allowed to each mouth cannibal—hence the fact of the presence of Ap Shones and Ap Shinkins in the "multitudes" who "follow." At the end of the word "follow," and of the third line, we are completely at fault, as to what or whom it is that the multitudes *do* follow; no information on the point being furnished in any part of the poem, either antecedent or postcedent—unless, indeed, we take it that they follow closely in the wake of the idiotic failure at supplying information in the second line, being equally (that is the third line's attempt at enlightenment) pointless, purposeless, and silly. The first and last lines in themselves respectively supply all that is required by the most rigid and fastidious Aristotelian, that an epic poem should have a beginning, a middle, and an end—when regarded from every point of critical view; but the two middle lines are simply the brainless effusion of an abortive noodle. I have many a time sat with exemplary patience, not to say enthusiasm, to music-loving mouths of zealous Englishmen, when pouring out, in tones more remarkable for strength than sweetness, and for determination than expression—

"The maids of merry Hingle-land,
Ow beautiful harr they!"

—for ocular demonstration has too frequently proved the truth of the singers' glowing exclamations, to be doubted for an instant by me. Yes! good friend Editor!—the matrons and the maids of merry England, of any and every age, are gloriously beautiful, and not infrequently superlatively so; and they can be and are as clever and as witty and as amiable as they are lovely, when they choose, too! I would to God some of our English critics and satirists were only half as clever, as so many of their fair countrywomen are beautiful and attractive; and then any such miserable muck as the immortal's "said Johnny to Taffy, &c.," would never be seen soiling and disgracing the virgin purity of the printer's lillied sheets!

"Said young Johnny to Taffy, a rumour prevails,
There are beautiful girls down in beautiful Wales;
Their blue, grey, and brown eyes, enraptured, we follow—
One little Welsh black eye beats 'Ap-ollo' hollow!"

This I have no hesitation in saying is much better sense, and is much more healthy, truthful, and to the point, than "There never arose up a poet in Wales" balderdash. Yet one other reading, for those who may chance to be much more enamoured of mathematical and kindred studies than of any woman or girl, however good or gifted or lovely; and I have done.

"Says Johnny to Taffy, a rumour prevails,
A poet was never produced down in Wales;
Quoth Taffy—'Intee?—my teer Shoon, it was follow,
Fair Cambrian coot never yet poast an Ap-hollow!"

Perhaps the genealogists, the criticologists, the musicologists, the "Ap-Ologists," of merry "Hingle-land," and all other "gists" and "jests" of that ilk, will look into the matter by next publishing day. Dear Editorial incarnation of amiability, wit, and virtue! sweetness and light! *bon enfant!* how are your pretty little tootsicums? I enclose my card.

Yours ever and very much "muchly,"
AP-EVANS.

The Wilds of the City, August 29th, 1868.

[Will the friends of Ap-Evans please look after him. He needs watching.—ED. M. W.]

ORGAN NEWS.

A new organ, built by Messrs. J. W. Walker & Son, has recently been "inaugurated" at St. Saviour's Church, Eastbourne. The following is the specification:—

GREAT ORGAN—Compass, CC to G in Alt (56 Notes).

Pipes.	Pt.	Pipes.	Pt.
1. Double Diapason	56 16 tone.	7. Twelfth	56 13
2. Open Diapason	56 8	8. Fifteenth	56 2
3. Salicional	56 8	9. Mixture (4 ranks).....	224
4. Stopped Diapason (Bass) and Claribella (Treble) ..	56 8 tone.	10. Posanne	56 8
5. Principal	56 4	11. Spire Slide.....	
6. Harmonic Flute	56 4	Pipes in Great Organ ...	728

SWELL ORGAN—Compass, CC to G (56 Notes).

Pipes.	Pt.	Pipes.	Pt.
1. Double Diapason	56 16 tone.	7. Mixture (2 ranks).....	112
2. Gemshorn	56 8	8. Oboe (Tenor C), slide prepared through ...	44 8
3. Horn Diapason (Tenor C), then grooved into Lieblich Gedact	44 8	9. Horn.....	56 8
4. Lieblich Gedact	56 8 tone.	10. Spire Slide.....	
5. Principal	56 4	Pipes in Swell Organ ...	536
6. Gamba	56 2		

PEDAL ORGAN—CCC to F Tenor (30 Notes).

1. Open Diapason.....	30 16
2. Bourdon.....	30 16 tone.

Pipes in Pedal Organ 60

COUPLERS.

1. Swell to Great.
2. Great to Pedals.
3. Swell to Pedals.

TWO COMPOSITION PEDALS TO SWELL.

1. Brings on Gemelon, Horn, Diapason, Lieblich Gedact, and Oboe.
2. " Full Power.

FOUR COMPOSITION PEDALS TO GREAT.

1. Brings on Salicional, Stopped Bass, and Claribella.
2. " Ditto, with Harmonic Flute.
3. " Ditto, with Double, Open, Principal, Twelfth, and Fifteenth.
4. " Full Organ, with mixture and Posanne.

16 ft. high, 14 ft. wide, and 12 ft. 2 in. deep.

SUMMARY.

Pipes in Great Organ.....	728
" Swell Organ.....	536
" Pedal Organ.....	60

Total Number of Pipes 1324

Prepared for two Extra Stops and Bass and Oboe—124 Pipes.

It appears that the instrument, as manipulated by the clever organist, Mr. Ewing, gives entire satisfaction.

SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI AND HERR OBERTHUR gave a *matinée musicale* last week, at Tunbridge Wells, with Mr. Alfred Hemming as vocalist. The assembly room at the Sussex Hotel, in which the concert took place, was fully and fashionably attended. A ballad, from Herr Oberthür's opera, *Floris de Namur*, was listened to with great pleasure, and his harp performances were duly appreciated. Signor Regondi fully sustained his reputation as the first performer on his instrument, and Mr. Alfred Hemming may congratulate himself on the favour with which he was received by his audience.

REVIEWS.

Exeter Hall. A Sunday Evening Monthly Magazine of Sacred Music. No. 8. [London: Metzler & Co.]

THE September number of this magazine contains, first, a sacred song, "Forake me not," by Stephen Glover, written with extreme simplicity and marked by quiet devotional feeling. This is followed by what Mr. Boyton Smith, the arranger, calls an "Introduction and Gloria from Haydn's First Mass for piano." The "Introduction" is really a portion of the "Sanctus," with a tail piece of Mr. Boyton Smith's own manufacture added. We are sorry to find Mr. Smith among the tinkers, especially as the "Gloria" arrangement is unobjectionable. A hymn tune by Mr. Hullah will be voted "pretty" by nine young ladies out of every ten; but we can hardly say as much of some music arranged by E. Clare, and adapted to the poem in which Mr. Morley fancied he saw the genius of Milton. The music in question is directed to be sung and played in "dirge time," it is unvaried through seven verses, and is of a character to make one verse sufficient. The selections under the head of "Sunday Evenings at the Harmonium," are unusually interesting this month, and, moreover, are well arranged.

Part-Music for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. Edited by JOHN HULLAH. Sacred Series, Part 10. [London: Longmans, Green, Reader & Dyer.]

THE number of this re-issue now before us opens with a fugue in C major by Spohr, set to words beginning "O magnify the Lord our God." It makes a very effective anthem, and affords excellent practice. A motet by Giovanni Croce, a hymn by Charles Vervouille, Crotch's well-known "Methinks I hear," and Walmisley's canon, "Praise the Lord," are among the contents of the number.

In the Spring Time. Madrigal. By CHARLES GOUNOD. [London: Metzler & Co.]

IN this madrigal (for one voice) M. Gounod has again displayed several of his favourite devices, among them the well-worn pedal. The song is a pretty one, after a familiar and Gounodish order of prettiness, and will command a favourable reception.

The Dreamer. A Reverie. Composed by CHARLES GOUNOD. [London: Metzler & Co.]

M. GOUNOD begins this song on a chord of the 6-4, and thus prepares the way by eccentricity of one kind for eccentricity of another—that is to say for the abrupt modulations he is pleased so often to effect. Nevertheless, both in the first half of each verse, and in the *code*—a particularly graceful one—we see much to admire.

La Zingara Danse Bohemienne, pour le Piano, par CHARLES GOUNOD. [London: Metzler & Co.]

A QUIET effusion full of life and character. It is long and elaborate (five movements), but the interest never flags. "La Zingara" deserves the attention of those who love dance music and desire a change from waltzes, mazurkas, and such like old acquaintances.

Fly like a Bird. Song. Poetry by FREDERICK ENOCH; the music by HENRY SMART. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

MR. SMART has written few more graceful and expressive songs than this. To a melody having all the spontaneity and warmth of a true Venetian *chanson d'amour*, he has added a singularly well-made accompaniment which gives character to the whole, and not merely supplies chords.

Beyond the Sea. Song. Composed by ROBERT CAIRD. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

AN easy and unpretentious setting of some very admirable verses by Henry S. Bunbury, one of which we must quote:—

"Far away the waves are bearing
Her on whom my heart is set;
Still I love, tho' left despairing,
I forgive, tho' she forget.
Never more may I behold her,
As in vain and vanished years;
Other arms than mine enfold her,
Other accents fill her ears."

If Mr. Caird's music present but little novelty, it is pleasing and well constructed.

EMS.—The company from the Bouffes Parisiens are giving a series of performances here.

MILAN.—The season will commence at the Scala with Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, to be followed by Verdi's *Don Carlos*, and a new opera, *Giovanni di Napoli*, by Signor Petrella.

AMSTERDAM.—The three prizes offered by the Euterpe Vocal Association were gained by Professor Stark, of Stuttgart; Herr Ham, of Venlo; and Herr Drobesch, of Minden.

THE RELATION BETWEEN POETRY AND MUSIC.

It is certainly only half in jest that an æsthetician has said that poetry, in connection with music, seems to have no other right except the right to be bad with impunity; poetical in contents and expression it must always be, if it is to allow of musical representation. Mattheson once offered to compose music to a street directory. The contents of a directory or bill of fare would, however, offer little for musical expression; the joy over family names in the former, and articles of food in the latter, could, to be sure, be expressed musically; but to emphasize the text according to its verbal expression, give it shading in its details, can no more be the office of music than it is its office naturally to do the opposite. Its province is, to express in connection, in the language of feeling, what the comprehensible language of words can present only in a separate and successive manner. When the latter speaks of joy and suffering, and must mention especially first the one and then the other, music can and should express suffering in joy and joy in suffering—not, however, necessarily emphasizing the one word joyfully and the other sorrowfully.

Musical expression leaves the expression of poetical language far behind in this respect; and music, where it is not merely declamatory, merely word intoning, will always make poetry subordinate. Verbal expression has no other claim on musical, except that it should not be violated by incomprehensible, nonsensical emphasis; not that the music should enter into all its details and seek to express them with tones, for music expresses the complex feeling contained in the words, not the words themselves.

Music may be compared to algebra, language to arithmetic. What music contains generally expressed, language can express only as something special. The algebraic formulæ exhibit the interweaving and working of the factors—the factors and the product in one; arithmetic, either the factors alone or the product alone. The former, however, is applicable to an infinite number of determinable single values. Thus it is with music. We have often seen the attempt made to express the contents of a piece of instrumental music in words, in a poem. The result can never be satisfactory. If we take the algebraic expression, $a+b=c$, and wish to substitute for it $2+3=5$, the application of the formula is certainly a perfectly correct one; but an infinite number of other values may be substituted for a and b , which result in c as a different sum, although the content of the formula is satisfied as completely by the combination of factors. Thus, also, music may find the most various expression in words: and of no one can it be said that it is the exhaustive one—that it contains the one only, and the whole signification of the music; for this is contained in the most definite manner only in the music itself. Not that music has an indefinite sense; it says the same to everyone; it speaks to the man, and says only what is humanly felt. An ambiguity first appears, if each in his own way attempts to embody in a particular thought the impression upon the feelings which he experiences; attempts to give form to the ethereal essence of music; to express what, in words, is inexpressible.

PADUA.—A new opera, *Don Pedro di Portogallo*, by Signor Drigo has been very successfully produced.

VENICE.—Signor Malipiero, the pianoforte maker, has become the new manager of the Teatro Fenice.

TURIN.—Two new operas, *Gli Artisti alla Fiera*, by Signor Lauro Rossi, and *La Statua di Carne*, by Signor Marchio, are to be produced during the autumn season.

HAMBURG.—The operatic season re-commenced on the 1st inst. Among the artists newly engaged are Mdlle. Hahn, from Vienna, and Herr Robinson, a baritone. The lady is a pupil of Professor Richard Lewy, who was Madame Lucca's master.

DARMSTADT.—The operatic season began on the 20th August with Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. Two new artists made their debuts on the occasion: Madame Meyer-Olbrich, who sustained the part of the Queen of Night, and Herr Lederer, who enacted Tamino. They were both well received.

LEIPZIG.—Mdlle. Mallinger, from the Royal Opera-house, Munich, has appeared in *Norma* and *Les Huguenots*, sustaining the part of the high priestess in the first opera, and that of Valentine in the second. She did not satisfy public expectation. Her friends had committed the serious error of puffing her a little too much previously to her appearance.

BADEN.—The programme of the last concert comprised among other things: Overture to *Guillaume Tell*, Rossini; Agrippina's air from *Brünnhilde*, Graun (Madame Viardot-Garcia); Concerto for Violoncello, Eckert (Herr Cossu); duet from *La Gazza Ladra*, Rossini (Madame Viardot-Garcia and Montelli); prelude to *Die Meistersinger*, Wagner; and two Spanish and German songs (Madame Viardot-Garcia).

W A I F S.

Mdlle. Nilsson is better, and *Hamlet* has returned to the stage.

M. Pasdeloup has been named "officier d'academie" in consideration of his public services.

Pauline Lucca goes to Leipsic to sing at the Fair. Eventually she goes to St. Petersburg.

The representation of *Le Premier Jour* will be resumed at the Opéra-Comique in the course of this month.

Offenbach's new opera, *La Perichole*, is in rehearsal at the Variétés. Messrs. Brandus and Dufour have secured the copyright.

Mdlle. Désirée Artôt has returned to Paris, preparatory to her departure for Moscow, where she has a long engagement.

The house at Bonn in which Beethoven was born is now for sale. What a chance for musical Germany to emulate Shaksperian England.

We hear that the performances of the Courtois Brass Band Union will be a conspicuous feature in the concerts about to be given at the Agricultural Hall.

Le Ménestrel says that Mr. Mapleson having "assisted" at a performance of *Hamlet* has resolved to produce it in his new theatre next season. *Nous verrons*.

Wagner's *Lohengrin* is in rehearsal at St. Petersburg. No opera by Wagner has ever been heard in that city. What a pity it is that people do not know when they are well off.

Adelina Patti (we prefer the familiar name to Madame la Marquise de Caux) has appeared at Homburg in *Semiramide*. She sang three new cadences written expressly for her by Rossini.

Louis Napoleon is said to discourage the study of music by the Prince Imperial. He does not want his son to be a Coburg. Meanwhile the lad is a proficient in drilling his *enfants de troupe*.

L'Epoque says that M. Sardon author of *La Famille Benoitte*, received 120 francs worth of tickets for each of three hundred performances. Can we wonder, it asks, that our writers buy mansions.

Among the engagements at the Hall-by-the-Sea during the last few weeks, not the least successful has been that of Miss Lucy Franklin, who, out of twelve songs set down for her during a week's engagement, had to repeat eleven.

The alarming illness of Signor Arditì was reported the other day, and some of his faithful band, among them Messrs. Crozier and Phasey, called at his house making anxious enquiries. They found their chief in the best of health and spirits. Fate, like—never mind whom—is not so black as she is painted.

The Theatre-Verdi at Busseto (the composer's native place) was opened on the 13th with *Rigoletto*. Verdi's bust was crowned and saluted with loud acclamations. An instrumental piece written at the age of 12 years was performed on the occasion; all the ladies wore green dresses, and all the gentlemen green cravats.

The assignees of M. Carvalho have valued the scenery and decorations belonging to the Lyrique at 300,000 francs. This sum M. Pasdeloup declines to pay, because so much of the material would be useless to him. The question is not yet decided. M. Pasdeloup has engaged Carl Eckert as his *chef d'orchestre*, and among the company will be Mdlle. Marie Roze, the Djelma of *Le Premier Jour* at the Opéra-Comique.

On a recent Assize Sunday in Leeds, Mr. Baron Bramwell and Mr. Justice Lush visited the Exhibition, and for several hours enjoyed an inspection of the splendid art works there collected. On the same Sunday, Mr. Councillor Clapham gave a band performance of sacred music in the Leeds Royal Park, which was attended by many hundreds of the working classes, for which "offence" he was fined £5 and costs by the local magistrates. Mr. Clapham has issued a bill in which he says that he has, during the present summer, been compelled to pay £91 in fines (exclusive of costs), for giving performances of sacred music on Sundays.

We understand that a new vocal star—Mr. Maybrick—will shortly make his debut in the metropolis. Mr. Maybrick, who is of a highly-respected Liverpool family, is young and possesses admirable personal qualifications for the stage. He originally studied at the Leipzig Conservatoire, and more recently under some of the most celebrated vocal *maestros* of Milan, in which latter city he became a great favourite in private *salons*. On the stage, Mr. Maybrick was equally fortunate in pleasing the exacting opera-goers of some of the chief Italian cities. Mr. Maybrick possesses a rich and genuine baritone voice (not a baritone-tenor), fresh, sonorous, and artistically developed, and his friends confidently anticipate for him a great success.

The concerts at the Spa Rooms, Harrogate, have this week had a most agreeable accession to the attractions in Madame Raby-Barrett, who made her first appearance on Monday evening, and was thoroughly well received. This lady, though well known and appreciated in the metropolis, is a stranger here. She has a soprano voice of a superior order, and great compass and power, which has been highly cultivated, and is used with a brilliance of execution rarely heard. On Wednesday evening she was most heartily encored in "Home, sweet Home," and is evidently growing in favour. The band under the conductorship of Mr. Julian Adams is worthy of much praise.—*Harrogate Advertiser* (Aug. 29, 1868).

Mark Lemon, the editor of *Punch*, the Mentor of Douglas Jerrold, Albert Smith, Thackeray, Leech, Tenniel, Shirley Brooks, and nearly all the wits of the age—the successful author of comedies, farces, songs and novels innumerable—Mark Lemon, the amateur actor, is about to come before the public in a Shaksperian entertainment. Falstaff is the character he has chosen to represent. His personal appearance so happily realizes that of the amorous knight, that he seems by nature to have been intended for the part. Shakspeare would recognize the impersonation of his fancy's dream could he behold the worthy *littérateur* duly accoutred, and boasting of his prodigious exploits. The entertainment is to be given during the ensuing autumn, at the Gallery of Illustration, a locality already identified with many interesting dramatic associations. It was at this gallery that Grieve and Telbin first produced their wonderful pictures of the Overland Route, and other subjects; here the German Reeds and John Parry have for years past carried on their amusing entertainments, attracting hundreds nightly to witness their artistic performances; here Charles Dickens, and a body of literary celebrities, appeared in the *Frozen Deep*, and other pieces, to do homage to the memory of Douglas Jerrold. The Gallery of Illustration, of all localities in London, is perhaps the best adapted in every respect to the appearance of Mark Lemon in the character he has selected, and his *début* is to be looked forward to with interest by every play-goer, and all those who take delight in the public doings of men of distinction in the literary world.—*Gentleman's Magazine* for September.

THEATRICAL MANAGEMENT.

There is no more easy, agreeable, and inexpensive way of earning a reputation as a manager of taste and discernment than by patronizing the so-called "legitimate" drama. Very few people who profess to be dramatic critics uphold the idea that the drama of the day should reflect the manners of the day, and that the legitimate—or, more properly speaking, the antiquarian drama—should be admired in the library, but rarely performed. Like old china it is generally rude in design and coarse in execution compared with the best modern art manufactures, and should be kept to be stared at as a venerable curiosity in oak cabinets, rather than used at every-day banquets. The inducement for a theatrical manager to hunt up old comedies and older tragedies is very evident. Their authors are dead, and their copyrights have expired. No troublesome negotiation with a Dramatic Authors' Society is necessary to obtain the right of representing these masterpieces; no half share of the nightly profits has to be set on one side to satisfy the hungry writers. The vanity, the pretension, or the sense of artistic fitness of the dramatic author has not to be consulted in casting or performing these dramas; they can be pitchforked on to the stage, and furnished with old scenery and threadbare garments. No wordy protest is received by post; no scowling face is seen in the green-room or at the side scenes. The comfort of dealing with a dead author would be worth £10 a night and a half-clear benefit every fortnight, if it could be made a question of bargain and sale; but in these cases the lucky manager obtains the comfort, and retains his money. He also obtains something more, for a large number of newspaper writers, who profess to influence public opinion, can see no merit in a manager who works hard and pays liberally to obtain the best modern productions, and every merit in a man who merely goes to a book-case, takes down a dusty volume, and ventures on nothing that is not sanctioned by musty playhouse tradition. The dramatic rubbish of the eighteenth century is classical; the dramatic rubbish of the nineteenth century is only popular. Shakspeare, taste, and the musical glasses are just as much a genteel investment now as they were in the days when the *Vicar of Wakefield* was written. There is another kind of management which is most successful when most dishonest, and which may be called the starring management. The starring management generally exists on a succession of victims who are induced to give their services on sharing terms that look favourable, but rarely yield any profit for the performer. The company of a starring theatre is feeble and cheap, but is made to look dear and powerful to the unfortunate "star" in the manager's estimate of his nightly expenses. The receipts, on the other hand, are made to look remarkably small in

the manager's nightly account current. The "star" entrapped into a theatre of this class, after working like a galley-slave for a "run" of several weeks, and seeing crowded houses every night that are all explained away by reference to the "free list," has the melancholy satisfaction of taking a small balance—the manager always contrives to pay something—of £2. 18s. 6d. In some starring theatres it is the custom to pacify the "star" with a showy, but not very valuable "testimonial."—*The Broadway*.

BRUNSWICK.—Herr Albert Methfessel, the composer of so many most popular German songs, had an apoplectic fit lately, while staying with his daughter, at Heckenbeck, near Gandersheim, and lies in a very dangerous condition.—Among its other treasures, the extensive Town-Library here possesses a great curiosity in the shape of 40,000 play-bills, together with a collection of portraits of composers, singers, and actors, bequeathed to it by Major Häusler, who died on the 26th December, 1865. This eccentric individual had a mania for collecting from every quarter these apparently worthless sheets of paper, which he put in order and displayed for his own amusement. By so doing, he rendered a material service to the chronicles of the stage. The collection includes German, Italian, French, English, American, Russian, and other bills. The series of Brunswick bills is complete, and in perfect order, from the year 1638. With them there are, also, the bills of all the concerts and other similar entertainments given in this town during the present century.

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